

UNITY.

FREEDOM, + FELLOWSHIP + AND + CHARACTER + IN + RELIGION.

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FOUR YEARS OLD TO-DAY.

With this issue UNITY begins its fifth year. We have no new proclamation or fresh promises to make. With an added emphasis we repeat the opinion expressed a year ago—UNITY HAS COME TO STAY. Of our realizations you, friends, can judge better than we. Of how much more we tried to do, but failed, it is not for you to know or for us to speak. Of our future it is for you to determine as much as for us. We need you and your friends, not merely as passive recipients, but also as active co-laborers. You see to your subscriptions and those of your acquaintances who do not, but ought to, take UNITY, and we will be able to see to it that you will be better rewarded for your pains by giving a better UNITY. More anon of this matter.

NOTES.

Congress seems engaged of late in some earnest and needful work. Its war on polygamy and spurious butter entitles it to the thanks of all who believe in good morals and honest victuals.

The Living Church is greatly pained that Phillips Brooks accepts the Congregational form in conducting prayers at Harvard, and thinks that the Prayer Book would probably be greatly appreciated, particularly now, when the Presbyterians are tired of their barren form, and are agitating the question of a liturgy.

The Christian Register speaks of the sermon-paper which it advertises as worth 35 cents per pound, but adds that it means *blank* paper, which when written upon brings but 2½ cents per pound. The real value of a good and well-written sermon, however, is not weighed by the pound, nor to be estimated in dollars and cents.

The Christian Leader (Universalist) complains that "the virus of Calvinism" to some extent infects Prof. Geo. P. Fisher's article in defence of Christianity, published in the *North American*, yet, on the whole, commends it, and in reference to its hardly orthodox view of Gradual Revelation, says: "Such a paper, forty years ago, would have led to a trial for heresy."

Dr. G. Stanley Hall, in an article in the *Princeton Review*, on "The Moral and Religious Training of Children," very admirably says: "No religious truth must be taught as fundamental, especially as fundamental to morality, which can be seriously doubted or even misunderstood." We fear that all our ministers and Sunday School teachers do not act up to this suggestion.

A mother worthy her poet son is Mrs. Rebecca Taylor, mother of Bayard Taylor. She took the first prize of \$200 for the best cocoons, at the recent Silk Culture Fair at Philadelphia. Her home is at Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, and she is in her 82d year. Quaker serenity and the refined tastes that go with culture are conducive to the green old age we all should covet.

There is good logic as well as good sense in the following editorial comment, which we find in *The Living Church*:

The attempt to elevate the prophet above the priest lands the logical mind in a denial of the one perfect and all-sufficient Sacrifice, and the next step is the repudiation of the mystery of the Man-God. It is only by lack of courage of one's opinions that all who deny the priestly and emphasize the prophetic functions do not become Unitarians.

The University of Breslau has conferred the degree of Doctor of Philosophy upon T. W. Rhys Davids, as a recognition of the services he has rendered to the study of comparative religions. Mr. Davids is probably now the leading authority upon Buddhism. The thoughtful world is prepared to bestow honors upon those who are still under the ban of the church and are suspiciously marked by dogmatic Christianity.

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* does not look with favor upon the proposition to use fifty millions of liquor revenue for the support of the schools. It says: "We prefer to base a national educational fund upon some industry that deserves to live forever, and not upon a trade that will die as men know more and grow better. It is a peril to associate national intelligence with that which debauches men, defrauds children, breaks the hearts of women, bribes legislators, and gladdens only the enemies of truth."

F. W. Robertson said: "There is no orthodox statement of doctrine, however true in itself, which does not contain in its outer form a detestable falsehood." And Crabbe Robinson, in reply, said: "There is no orthodox statement of doctrine, however false, which does not contain in its kernel a precious truth." We like Crabbe Robinson's statement best. James Freeman Clarke, years ago, struck the only true method of studying the theology of the past when he wrote his "*Truths and Errors of Orthodoxy*"—not "*Errors and Truths*."

The *Unitarian Herald*, in a lengthy editorial on Punctuality, thinks it would not be a bad plan to have a bell affixed to the church doors five minutes after the service begins, that "the sharp tinkle might advertise the tardy ones." The difference between a growing and a dying church is found in the difference between a prompt and a tardy audience. Give time enough to the minister who habitually begins his service ten or fifteen minutes late, and he will drain the heartiest audience of its enthusiasm and kill the most promising church.

Insurance authorities are showing us by their statistics that the productive period of human life is best prior to the age of sixty-five; that the financial value of the lives of business men usually begins to wane before the age of sixty, and that out of one hundred thousand only three reach the age of ninety-five. The art of prolonging life and of extending its period of productive and financial value ought to become one of the great studies of our thinking and progressive age. It is not a worthy ambition to surrender the work of life at sixty.

The United Presbyterians have recently been taking the vote of their ministers and elders concerning the present prohibition of the use of musical instruments in their Sunday services. The ministers voted a repeal of the rule, 95 to 45, while the elders were in favor of retaining the prohibition, 57 to 49. This does not look as though the pews were much in advance of the clergy. We suspect that were it possible to measure the forwardness of the pews in other denominations we would find that they have not so much to teach their ministers as might be supposed from their current speech.

A ritualistic clergyman has recently delivered himself of this utterance in a Boston pulpit: "There is no crime which a man can commit which justifies his wife in leaving him. It is her duty to subject herself to him always, and no crime that he can commit can justify her lack of obedience!" In relation to this, Rev. E. A. Horton says: "Here is a declaration as boldly unjust and tyrannical as any that ever afflicted human welfare; broached in the pulpit, endorsed by silent followers, and promulgated to the public in this year of grace. The watchword of such a barbaric utterance, however veiled in Christian phraseology, is subordination; and its results, mental and moral slavery."

Miss Alice C. Fletcher, whose interest in American antiquities is well known, has been spending several months among the Omahas and other tribes of Western Indians, for the purpose of becoming better acquainted with their traditions. She writes to the *Woman's Journal* of February 11th of an interesting visit to Sitting Bull. This fallen chief was moved by her womanly heart to make a tender plea for the women of his tribe. He says:

You are a woman. You have come to me as a friend. Pity my women. We men owe what we have to them. They have worked for us. They are good; they are faithful; but in the new life their work is taken away. For my men I see a future; for my women I can see nothing. Pity them; help them, if you can.

Miss Fletcher discovers the hope for Indian women in that word that contains so much of the hope of all the suffering and laboring classes—co-operation.

The editor of the *Index*, in a recent number, thus aptly states a truth which many of our would-be practical philanthropists are in danger of forgetting:

However strongly the conduct-side of life ought to be urged, it may also be maintained, and with equal truth, that behind this conduct-side there must be a solid, substantial thought-side to give the conduct-side legitimacy.

It is possible that those who are working away at the subtle life problems of to-day, trying to harmonize the intuitions of the heart with the tuition of the head, seeking to unite the prophetic hopes and trust of the

Orient with the confident science of the Occident, are doing quite as much for poor, suffering humanity as their critics, who bend all their energies to the work of training fingers, alleviating physical wants, and circumscribing the ideals of the soul and the yearnings of the heart within the narrow bounds of the known and available.

We are sorry to find an Eastern exchange, for whom we have much respect, contributing to a sectional prejudice that ought to be discouraged between East and West. It deals in the Boston cant about "Western bluster" and "Western windmills." We have our share of erratics in the West, but our most confirmed subjects gravitate eastward in order to find their permanent constituency. There is, alas! too much noise, coarseness, and brag in the world, but these are not the peculiar characteristics of any one section; and while there is so much grievous slavery still in our midst, religious, political and social, it ill becomes any lover of freedom to cast reproaches upon those who, in the face of immense difficulties and in defiance to numberless seductions to stand and speak for the conventional commonplaces of superstition, are still trying to hold up and carry forward the banner of Liberty, East or West.

The traditions which cluster around the life of a great university, if collected, would furnish material for a voluminous and inspiring volume. It is a work, we believe, which has not yet been undertaken by any one. The following story is told in Michigan University, and carries with it a lesson often needed by the liberal preacher:

In the year 1854, Prof. Francis Brunnow came from Leipsic to Ann Arbor, to fill the chair of astronomy and to act as Director of the Observatory. He was a thorough scholar, the author of a valuable work on Spherical Astronomy, and a man whose services were highly esteemed in the scientific world; yet, for a time, he lectured to one student only. Later in life, Prof. Brunnow was accustomed to call these lectures the most important he ever delivered, since his solitary listener was James C. Watson, afterwards America's distinguished astronomer.

The Christian Register of the 16th ult. gives several bright "brevities" to our editorial on the "Unitarian Year-Book for 1882," in our issue of February 1. We do not propose to reply in the playful spirit in which we are challenged, as moral currency is already too much depreciated by this kind of journalism. We did not need to be reminded by the *Register* that the names of some of the brethren were omitted by their own request; nor is it necessary for us to remind the editor of the *Regis-*

ter that this request was made because it was the most effective way left them to protest against a ruling which they deemed more narrow and dogmatic than was justified by the Unitarian name. The issue is a plain one. The Unitarian Association, a corporation of individuals, has undertaken to circumscribe the Unitarian fellowship within certain theological limits represented by the word "Christian," and have proceeded to compile their list of Unitarian ministers on this basis, while a large number of those who represent the Unitarian ministry and laity are profoundly interested in the effort of making the word and the movement co-extensive with all noble, constructive and non-creedal workers in the domain of religion. We maintain that the word "Unitarian" is broader than the word "Christian," dogmatically interpreted, for it existed before Jesus was born, and now has representatives among those who are not within the stream of Christian inheritance, and it represents a phase of religion whose foundations lie deeper than any one historic or personal leader. We maintain, what the *Register* parenthetically admits, that the A. U. A. is "not synonymous with the Unitarian body," and that the list of ministers, as compiled by its officials, is not a just exhibit of the Unitarian ministry in America. We seek candid consideration of this problem, and respectfully suggest to our co-worker, the *Register*, that this matter cannot be disposed of by flippant brevities. Neither jokes nor sneers are in order where honest men honorably differ upon dignified questions.

UNITY CHURCH AND MR. MILN.

Our sympathies go out to the earnest and noble men and women who constitute Unity Church of this city, who are once more bereaved by the loss of a pastor whom many of them had learned to love, though his settlement lasted but little over a year; and we protest against the charges of bigotry and narrowness made against this society in some quarters because it so promptly dispensed with the services of Mr. Miln when it discovered that he had abandoned some of the ideas and practices dear to so many of its members. Pews have rights which preachers are bound to respect. A man may believe in absolute freedom of thought and the widest hospitality of spirit, and yet consistently insist on his right to give his presence, time and money to such ideas as are to him most helpful and seem to him most fertile in good results to others. This society holds in trust twenty years of history and over \$200,000 of property, much of it given for religious purposes by non-resident Unitarians, and it was bound to be true to this trust as well as to its dominant conviction; and it was justified in undertaking to exercise this right and to discharge this duty, without undertaking to formulate a theology for itself

or for the religious body with which it has been identified from its inception. If Unity Church is blameworthy at all, it is for the hasty way in which it surrendered so large a trust to a pastor selected necessarily upon superficial oratorical powers displayed in the pulpit, without due consideration of the other and more necessary qualifications,—experience, scholarship and practical efficiency in the liberal work, without which the trust could not be justly administered. To charm an audience, fill the pews and pay the bills are desirable; but these do not represent the extent of the whole responsibility which a church such as *Unity* owes to itself, to the city in which it is placed, and the cause of religion to which it is pledged.

We have no theological stones to throw at Mr. Miln. We await with fraternal anxiety the final outworking of his mind. Any one grappling with these profound problems in a sincere fashion challenges the sympathy of every lover of truth. If his quest should result in some unique doctrines, or absence of doctrines, we hope he may find an opportunity to test their ethical value and to try their character-building qualities; only he must woo a constituency rather than capture one; and if his old friends do not care to change their opinions as swiftly as he does, let naught be set down in malice against them. We think that every scholar will discover unquestionable evidence of haste and philosophic crudities in his recent utterances. There are indications that he has failed to take Mrs. Browning's excellent advice: "To correct his physics with a larger metaphysics." He is open to the suspicion of having failed in the office of a teacher, by neglecting the slow caution and painstaking deliberation which characterizes the true instructor. We think he partook also of the rashness which we attribute to the church, in "trying to change front in the presence of the enemy,"—i. e., in undertaking to administer so large a trust as a great metropolitan pulpit while in that transitional state of mind where the planks in one platform had already broken and his feet were not planted on any other. We believe, further, that had he given the matter the deliberate thought which it deserved, he would have discovered that the truer frankness would require the delivery of the "three sermons" before, rather than after, the withdrawal of his resignation. This would unquestionably have spared him and the parish the pain and the notoriety of the contested meeting and the forced withdrawal. It is easy to exaggerate the significance of this passing event, which touches vitally only the parties directly concerned. In working out this problem there necessarily enters many personal elements which it is beyond the power and the right of the outside world to know about.

We hope that the case of Bro. Miln may prove a

warning to other young ministers who are compelled to leave the too narrow enclosures of an inherited faith for the larger fields of Liberal religion. May they be taught by it to take the advice of the ancient king—"to tarry at some obscure Jericho until their beards be grown." Churches will also learn greater caution and wisdom in the selection of their pastors, and having selected them, they will doubtless exercise all the greater patience, the broader sympathy and the more out-spoken candor in their treatment of them for this experience of Unity Church and Mr. Miln.

RELIGIOUS PHRASEOLOGY.

Nothing is more interesting in the history of literature, or in the history of religion, than the giving of the Bible to the common people to be read in their own language. Whether we take the translation of Ulphilas, or Wicliffe, or Luther, it was an event of the greatest importance to civilization. Green gives a vivid picture of the great change that passed over England, in those days "when Bishop Bonner set up the first six Bibles in St. Paul's." "England became the people of a book, and that book was the Bible." "No history, no romance, no poetry, save the little known verse of Chaucer, existed for any practical purpose in the English tongue when the Bible was ordered to be set up in churches. Sunday after Sunday, day after day, the crowds that gathered around Bonner's Bibles in the nave of St. Paul's, or the family group that hung on the words of the Geneva Bible in the devotional exercises at home, were leavened with a new literature. Legends and annals, war-song and psalm, state-rolls and biographies, the mighty voices of prophets, the parables of evangelists, stories of mission journeys, of perils by the sea and among the heathen, philosophic argument, apocalyptic visions, all were flung broadcast over minds unoccupied for the most part by any rival learning. The disclosure of the stores of Greek literature had wrought the revolution of the Renaissance. The disclosure of the older mass of Hebrew literature wrought the revolution of the Reformation." "The power of the book over the mass of Englishmen showed itself in a thousand superficial ways, and in none more conspicuously than in the influence it exerted on ordinary speech."

A whole literature full of power and genius, hitherto sealed in dead languages, guarded by the priest from the sight of vulgar minds, was now thrown open. It was approached at first with grateful awe; it was tasted with passionate delight; it soon became the daily food. The language of scripture became curiously interwoven into ordinary speech, and this will account for that "strange

mosaic of Biblical words and phrases which colored English talk two hundred years ago."

By and by this free and joyous use of scripture phraseology began to harden into a formalism. The bold, warm imagery of the orient was stiffened with cold logic, and made to stand for definite but disputed doctrines. Served in this way, the taste for Bible texts declined. By unreasoning fanatics they were all the more insisted upon; and by the time of Cromwell and the Covenanters, the adoption of the Bible dialect was made the test of character at home, promotion in the state, and salvation hereafter. Many changed their names because they were heathenish, and gave to their children only Bible names—preferring those of the Old Testament. All the names of the scripture genealogies, it was said, might be found in Cromwell's army. A jury of Sussex contained such names as these: *Accepted, Redeemed, Faint Not, God-Reward, Called, Kill Sin, Be Faithful, Weep Not, and Fight the Good Fight of Faith*. A session of Parliament was named after that pious London leather dealer, *Praise-God Barbone*. A conference at Whitehall proposed that the Mosaic law should be established as the sole system of English jurisprudence. Englishmen, it was claimed, were "the Lord's people." The nation was simply to carry out his will. The army was to be filled with "saints"—with praying men; and none but the "godly" were to sit in Parliament. The Bible was kept on the table of the House of Commons, and many of its ceremonial prohibitions became the law of the land.

Of the Puritan of this period, Macaulay said, "He employed, on every occasion, the imagery and style of scripture. Hebraisms violently introduced into English language, and metaphors borrowed from the boldest lyric poetry of a remote age and country, and applied to the common concerns of English life, were the most striking peculiarities of this cant, which moved, not without cause, the derision both of prelatists and libertines." Hypocrisy and corruption never throve more vigorously under any system. And the story of the inevitable reaction reveals one of the saddest pictures of English life.

Two very distinct echoes of this far-off period are heard in our day. One, in the controversy over the Bible in the public schools. The other, in the attempt to make a theological instrument of the Constitution of the United States.

I. The Bible might have remained undisturbed in the school-room, but for the abuses of it. From an educational point of view, it can be thought of only as a misfortune that such a treasury of ancient literature, available in such a "well of English undefiled" (to speak comparatively), should find no place or recognition in a course of popular education. Yet the evil of

retaining it from a religious point of view has seemed to be vastly greater than any benefit to be derived from its use. Fanatical men would *force* it upon the schools, would *force* the reading of it against the scruples of parents and children; yea, would even force it to teach doctrines obnoxious to every intelligent mind. Set up as a fetish, made a symbol of the narrowest sectarianism, the ceremony of reading it raised to the virtue of a sacrament or an act of worship, and made *compulsory*, every instinct of rational liberty is aroused. Protestation is quickly made. Prejudices spring up against the book itself. It becomes the symbol of superstition, oppression, unreason. There is every temptation to attack, and if possible to destroy it or cover it with disrepute. Men will not be instructed in its phrases, or use them except in contempt. With many, all that goes by the name of religion is associated with the Bible, and goes overboard with it. And so as this choice library of divine morality and religious genius, bound in one volume, has been so perverted by bigots that it has become a sort of red-rag of provocation in every community, thinking men are more than reconciled to its withdrawal from the teacher's desk. *Some day* it will go back again. Never as supernatural revelation; but as the classical literature of the Hebrew race. Never by the intriguing or compulsion of professors of religion; but by the invitation and welcome of large-minded educators.

II. With a large class the feeling is that we have widely departed from the traditions of the fathers. Not only are the children in our public schools growing up without any familiarity with the religious phraseology prevalent some generations ago, but men are ceasing from the use of Bible language. Christian texts are no longer heard in common conversation, or in the serious discussion at the affairs of state. The Supreme Being is less and less recognized. Jesus is not sufficiently mentioned or honored. And with this class the omission of the name, or title, or exact phraseology, is neglect of all; is irreligion, is atheism is perdition. It is maintained that we are a Christian nation; or if not, so much the worse for us,—we ought to be. The constitution of this government is plainly defective in not declaring this fact and putting our religious faith beyond gainsay or doubt before the world. Corruption, disaster and ruin await us, unless the secular terms of our national charter are exchanged for or supplemented by phrases from the Hebrew scriptures.

"*The National Reform Association*," a large body of eminently pious people, has for several years been agitating this question. Among its members are those who would exclude all modern hymns from the services of the church; who think that the only fit and permissible hymn book is the psalms of David; who feel that we

have in the Bible the eternally fixed language of religion, the only acceptable phraseology in which to worship God.

Far from commending the wisdom and far-sightedness of the founders of our republic and the authors of our constitution, they complain of their blindness in not clothing its principles in the solemn style of the pulpit and the word of God. They would have the secular language of the constitution translated into a symbolic and sacred speech. Now, the language is so broad and universal that we might be taken for a Jewish, a Mohammedan, a Buddhist, or a heathen nation, as quickly as for a Christian nation. Any of these religions might take shelter under it, with nothing to offend their convictions. This must not be. We must emphasize the fact that we are a Christian nation, and keep it before the people. And the place to make this emphasis most effectual and telling is in the national constitution. They do not wish to change the principles of justice and right therein embodied. They avow that they seek no union of church and state. But they insist that being Christian the nation must declare it. The Christian believes in God; therefore it must go into the constitution. He believes in the Bible; he must state that in the constitution. He believes in salvation through Christ,—that must go in, too. As a resolution passed by that body reads, the nation must make "an explicit acknowledgement in its written constitution of its relations to God as the author of its existence, to Christ as its ruler, and to the Bible as of supreme authority."

But this three-fold declaration of its faith "in God, in revelation and redemption," is not all. The oath of office taken by the President bears no reference to God. This is to be changed, and properly phrased. The treaties with foreign nations state their principles without being clothed in Christian symbolism. We are to make an impression on the Pagan world by our Christian dialect. As it was stated at a convention of this body: "We want it understood that the sacred scriptures are a part of the common law of the United States;" and further, concerning our observance of Sunday: "We intend to insist upon it that the Christian Sabbath shall be a general law in the land."

These reactionists would, if they could, bring back in compulsory way the obsolete customs of Puritanism—of that later Puritanism of dry husks or gone to seed in formalism. They would make legal that, which is of no value—yea, which is deadly poison, unless it be spontaneous. You can fancy how strangely now our laws would sound reconstructed after their manner; like some of the commands of Exodus or Deuteronomy—introduced and concluded, perhaps, by some ascription to the triune Deity.

Without doubt, the whole Constitution, and the Declaration of Independence besides, might be translated into Christian biblical or theological language. But the spirit of the age does not set strongly in that direction. And judged by reason and common sense, judged by all the broadening influences and sympathies of civilization, it was not folly in the original framers of these articles that they chose as the language in which to write them words which all men may use and agree to, whatever their nation or their faith; words little suggestive of Phariseism or polemics, of superstition or penance; but words very direct and clear, and very holy and precious in the sight of justice and of freedom.

J. C. L.

The most alarming feature of our situation is the fact that so many citizens of high character and solid judgment pay but little attention to the sources of political power, to the selection of those who shall make their laws. The clergy, the faculties of colleges, and many of the leading business men of the community, never attend the township caucus, the city primaries, or the county conventions; but they allow the less intelligent and the more selfish and corrupt members of the community to make the slates and "run the machine" of politics. They wait until the machine has done its work, and then, in surprise and horror at the ignorance and corruption in public office, sigh for the return of that mythical period called the "better and purer days of the Republic."—*Garfield*.

Contributed Articles.

SPIRIT OF A GREAT CONTROL.

ELLA WHEELER.

Tune—"Jesus, Lover of my Soul."

Spirit of a great control,
Gird me with thy strength and might,
Essence of the over-soul,
Fill me, thrill me, with new light;
Though the waves of sorrow beat
Wildly at my very feet;
Though the night and storm are near,
Teach me that I need not fear.

Though the clouds obscure the sky
When the tempest sweeps the lands,
Still about, below, on high,
God's great solar system stands;
Never yet a star went out—
What have I to fear or doubt;
I, a part of this great whole,
Governed by the over-soul.

Like the grand Eternal hills,
Like the rock that fronts the wave,
Let me meet all earthly ills
With a fearless heart and brave;
Like the fields that drink the rain,
Let me welcome floods of pain,
Till in strength I grow to be
Worthy of a source like thee.

THE STAIR OF STARS.

MRS. M. S. SAVAGE.

I had a shining vision sheathed,
Like Jacob's, in a dream,
And all men's living thoughts were breathed
Forth into stars, whose gleam
Climbed up the darkness as a stair
That lost itself on high.
Entranced, my heart implored me there
To mount th' illumined sky.

When lo, a hundred little cares
Came plucking at my sleeve,
Each begging alms. No duty wears
Its glory when we grieve.
And these so pitiful and poor
Did chain my feet and bind
The rising impulse to be more
And better for my kind.

Alas! I could not find the way,
Howe'er I strove to pass,
And leave behind this long array
Of wretched, thwarting mass.
So my dead soul did weep and make
A rosary of tears.
I did my penance in the wake
Of dull and barren years.

I seemed alone: but as I turned
The stair of stars yet grew
Heavenward, and my groping spirit yearned
To seek the light anew.
A high resolve strengthened and nerved
My arms to lift and bear
Straight on my way, uncurst, unswerved,
The plaining waifs of care.

What matter to be last and least,
If only toiling still
Along the stair that had not ceased
To rest upon the hill
And reach to heaven? I set my face
Toward the zenith, where
My eye could pierce the edge of space,
And see the vision fair.

And lo! The beggarly attire
From lowest duties fall.
In strange disguise the holy fire
Of heaven seemed to dwell
In their calm eyes; and by and by
I glimpses caught of wings,
And felt that even I could fly
Upwards to better things.

The vision had fulfilled its part,
The truth it did disclose,
Accepted came into my heart.
New energies arose
To crown my life with buds of hope,
And serve it day by day.
For aye its truth remains, to cope
With shadows of dismay.

THE WORKMAN'S CONSCIENCE.

BY REPRESENTATIVE WORKMEN OF TO-DAY.

V.

THE RAILROAD MAN'S CONSCIENCE.

A. V. H. CARPENTER.

"Each writer to show, after his own fashion, the ways in which the customs, necessities and ideals of to-day shape, or fail to shape, or specially should be made to shape, the work done by the workmen of his own fellowship."

The foregoing, from the manifesto of the editorial committee of the journal flying the flag of UNITY, evidently means business, and that the managers of that paper desire to get into the sympathies and hold communion with men in the great marts of life. The recognition of the fact that railroad men have consciences is a step forward in the right direction, in these days of progress; for it has been generally thrown in their faces that, being the servants of soulless corporations, they possessed not much worth saving, yet of consequence enough to damn, by every hair-brained noodle in the land.

This may be deemed an auspicious augury for an era of better understanding between the forces of life in the great realm of industry; may it be prophetic of a time when the main strife between all industrial factors, whether of brain, brawn, or capital, shall be the emulation as to which can best do and best agree. It is a grand theme, and one in which redundant or robust verbiage cannot make up for a paucity of ideas, hence the reluctance of the writer to undertake a treatise upon the grave questions involved. To deal properly with such a subject one needs a mind well stored with facts available at command, and a clear conception of their logic, together with the opportunity to proceed without let or hindrance from the hurry and worry of affairs. Prefaces, however, don't help on the movement of the theme.

The lexicographic definitions of CONSCIENCE are supposed to be sufficiently familiar to your readers not to need reproduction herein: for the purpose of conciseness in handling they are summed up and set forth in the term "God-like," or the divine side of humanity, and this paper is addressed only to those who believe in both a divine side of humanity and a human side of divinity, without which belief, well grounded in consciousness, *conscience* is of no more account to a man than a "tale told by an idiot." Another premise may be here specified: The Divinity referred to is a BEING, *not* an idea; and ONE capable of managing the affairs of the universe without coming to a deadlock. ONE who holds his children responsible up to the full measure of their opportunities; not being so good as to be good for nothing, but the artificers of their own fortunes against all obstacles, not involving moral obliquity in overcoming.

The *conscience* meant herein is that attribute which constitutes the marked distinction between manhood and animalhood,—that quality of which the TRUE MAN has the monopoly; something demanding more of the possessor thereof than that he shall be a thoroughbred, mentally and physically; that which so shapes his ends as

to make life, for him, more than a "Fool's Errand." A monitor, performing the functions of the governor valve in an engine, indicating infallibly when he carries steam enough for his capacity, showing thereby the "dead line" between the higher and lower nature of mankind. Like the other qualities of manhood, *conscience* is susceptible of culture and stimulation. Man being thus endowed with a Triune nature—physical, mental and moral—is a potential factor and responsible agent in establishing the customs, creating the necessities, and inspiring the ideals, not only of his own time, but of all time; for, though he departs from the theater of their enactment, they remain to influence all subsequent generations—the exponents of civilization.

The railway system, being an important part of the life of the world, is amenable to the rules and regulations thereof, and entitled to all the privileges of its co-ordinate industries. *Conscience* is as much the *ought*, *can* and *must* of the railway man as of his fellow in any equivalent grade, and no more. The time is coming,—and all angels and good men should pray for its speedy advent,—when a representative of this grand factor of the world's greatness shall be considered as having rights which are entitled to respect, whoever is the "party of the other part."

Railroads, and those connected therewith in any capacity, should be held to a degree of responsibility for all things pertaining thereto, commensurate with their possibilities as the most powerful and cosmopolitan of human industries; but while held to such rigid accountability they should also have the benefit of all extenuating circumstances—the provocations and temptations besetting them being on a scale with the magnitude of their enterprise.

That man of the people—*Scotia's Burns*, but the *world's immortal Bard*—has left no more just or beautiful thought than that contained in the words—"like apples of gold in pictures of silver"—of this sublime stanza:

"Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias;
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

Who can gainsay the divinity of such an inspiration? and if ordinary lives are entitled to such leniency of construction of their acts and motives, why not the life of the railroad man, in which every day's incidents and cares are fraught with such intensity in comparison with other lives?

How many people bear in mind the scope of the term "Workmen of his own fellowship," when applied to railway service? Let the *hyper-critics* inspect the pay-rolls and working-tools of the heterogeneous mass of workmen passing under the general appellation, "Railroad men," and then see where he will find another such aggregation of divers elements. The inspection will reveal over thirty distinct divisions of the necessary industries of the world—even if railways never had existed—represented in force in the various departments; while the multitude of those whose honestly acquired savings are invested in the securities, representing the value of the property and the labor of brain and brawn through which the various materials were converted into forms

adapted to the service requisite from each, is so immense and representative of such a vast range of human employments as to command the wholesome respect, if not reverential tribute of regard, of every soul capable of appreciating a grand beneficence, whether of human or divine manifestation. The man who employs his capital where it will afford remunerative employment for the brain and muscle of hosts of people who otherwise would have no occupation of a useful character, or, at best, a precarious one, is a benefactor of the race. How many hundreds of thousands of good people are thus provided with bountiful subsistence,—compelled to be good citizens and augmenters of national wealth and strength,—and become thus a great moral power, who, else, were like Falstaff's ragamuffins, only fit to be "food for powder." What if the owners and operatives are not all saints, they are serving humanity well in spite of themselves; and those who would inveigh against them would "look a gift-horse in the mouth," and are fit subjects to be ground by the "*shent per shent*" class who make their money a *shaving agent* instead of a diffuser of prosperity. This is the industry, and of such materials are the constituents thereof, now "under fire," directed by the reverend and grave gentleman, planners of this symposium, who expound great truths,—or think so, at least,—on Sundays, and invent casuistic conundrums for others to generate ideas for their use in the solution, on week days.

There is no affectation in the declaration of diffidence with which the writer undertakes this job. It is a task which might tax an expert to his limit to determine, approximately how much the "customs, necessities and ideals of to-day" influence the work done by the immense confederation which constitutes the fellowship of this magnificently proportioned and grandly executed industry. The "customs" and "ideals" of the outside world do create a *necessity* on the part of the owners and operatives of railways—similar to that which may be supposed to be experienced by the *oyster*, were he a perceptive and belligerent creature, when he sees the knife about to be applied, or feels its incisive touch, for the purpose of opening his castle and dedicating him to the use of the gourmand—for from the time of the advent of railways in the United States it has been the persistent effort of most of the demagogues and tramps therein to use them as the oyster men do the oyster. If these were the only classes thus addicted it might be endured; but when people of reputable social, commercial and religious standing consider it a "right smart thing," and one to be told with satisfaction to "get the better of a railroad," "by hook or by crook," it is a poor commentary on the ethics of that sort of respectability, to say the least. No one expects anything of "crooks" or "cranks" but that they will get *something for nothing* at every possible chance. Yet the main difference between them and those who put on respectable airs, but victimize railroads, is that the crooks and tramps are indiscriminate in their plundering, while the others make railroads their specialty, and turn up their noses with holy (?) horror if it is intimated that it is the *deed* of robbery, not the *subject*, which makes it robbery.

To such extent do the self-styled "*anti-monopolists*," with their allies, the socialists and communists, carry

their practices, that were the managers of railways to literally obey the injunction to "resist not evil," they would soon have no railroads to manage. Self-preservation is a justification for vigorous defensive operations; and if any class under heaven ever had reason to put itself on a "war footing" it is the *personnel* of the railway service. There is no record of there being any such classes, by name, in the time of the author of the "Golden Rule;" but those who accomplished the same ends came to grief at the hands of that divine personage, so far as denunciation was concerned, for he made no bones of denouncing those who, for a pretense, made "long prayers to be seen of men," and then robbed widows and orphans, even as the despoilers of railroads to-day rob the innocent, distressed and helpless whose all is vested in the stocks or bonds of these omniferent institutions; and were he again on earth he would, no doubt, make it warm for these latter-day "Scribes and Pharisees—hypocrites." Unquestionably the "customs, necessities and ideals" of any age are potential factors in shaping the work of any industry. Whether *this* line of industry is *abreast* of these agencies, or whether they have kept pace with it, is a question of fact in respect of which the proofs are conflicting, as yet. There is no room for doubt but that the "customs" and "ideals" which obtain in the community, with respect to railways and railway men, impose a disagreeable *necessity* on them of being always ready for open or insidious attack, which naturally causes crudity in their work, and probably incites animosity which culminates in abuse. The natural tendency of great beneficent enterprises,—industries in particular,—is to create a mutuality of good fellowship, unity and concord between those engaged therein and those participating in their beneficial results. Railroads seem to be the sole exceptions to that rule; they are subjected to constant jostling by such a large proportion of the community that it would sometimes seem as if the whole crookedness and cussedness of the land were consolidated and concentrated in their front to oppose their progress and interdict their prosperity. There is nothing about arms of a refining nature; and as railroad men have to go armed *cap-a-pie* in the respects set forth, it is not matter of wonder to the experienced that they are not at all times as "childlike and bland" as a saint, or that they learn to imitate the examples constantly before them, both in retort against those from whom the provocation proceeds and in their intercourse with each other. It is a proverb that "Error will make the circuit of half the earth while Truth is getting on his boots;" as true is it that bad examples will infect in the same ratio as to good examples' prophylactic influence.

History bears record of only ONE PERSON who was "tempted in all points as we are, yet without sin,"—and he was not a railroad man, *nor* a denouncer of railroads.

So far, this is a paper of "generalities"—not "glittering" ones, either. The limit of 1,500 words assigned to the treatises on the general theme of the "Working-man's Conscience," while possibly ample as to most of the titles enumerated, is altogether too cramped for entering into the details of this; enough has been said, perhaps, to give direction to thought—in profitable ways—for those who desire to pursue the inquiry with the purpose of arriving at the real merits of the case.

There is no valid reason for *conscience* being permitted to slumber at her post, or take a furlough; but until men are remodeled with different constitutions and temperaments, their CONSCIENCES will be influenced or controlled by their environment and the "customs, necessities and ideals" of those with whom they have to deal constantly. All remember the aphorism—

"Vice is a monster of such horrid mien,
That to be hated needs but be seen;
But seen too oft,—Alas!" etc.

It is unnecessary to complete the quotation. The writer is *not* a pessimist, notwithstanding having been over thirty years in active railway service, and having ample opportunities of studying human villiany in all its phases, as manifested by men of all grades in life, when a railroad was the party of the other part; his experience prevents his being an *enthusiastic optimist*.

It would prove an interesting theme for some one with requisite capacity, and outside the harness of duty—one who needs not to delve daily to keep the wolf at a respectful distance from his cabin—to take this matter up untrammelled by limitation of space, handling each proposition in detail, from premise to sequel. Showing logically how far conscience, or the other influences, prevail over the work of the vast conglomerate of humanity denominated "railroad men," because of association with the service—however temporarily—having no reference to the skill possessed or sympathy enlisted in the welfare of the enterprise—men with whom, as yet, there is not that degree of homogeneity which is requisite to found a theory on as to what they would do or not do in a great emergency, where there might be a conflict between the dictates of a just conscience and a seeming expediency. A century or so hence it will not be as difficult to define just what a thoroughbred railroad man—"to the manor born," as it were—is, and how far the morale of the service will hold him should there be a conflict between it and his duty as a citizen. The probabilities are that the genuine railroad man will be one of the most loyal of citizens, and the most conscientious respecter of the rights of his fellow men in all the relations of life; for true railway interest cannot afford to be otherwise; for there is no human institution so completely at the mercy of the body politic, and so dependant on the good will of the great public, and the value of whose property so much depends on the maintenance of wholesome laws and the complete and absolute preservation of good order in the State and Nation. Men are governed measurably by their interests in maintaining any particular form of government, and the form of the government of the United States has the sanction of a century's experience that it is the best form on earth for the development of all material interests. Enough of this, however. It can be safely assumed that the railway and the railway man of the future will be the strongest reliance of society and government for their integrity; for no industry has as much at stake in the preservation of all that is valuable in the American system, from center to circumference, foundation to dome. And no institution can and will do as much toward adjusting the proper relations between labor and capital—because of the amount involved, and of the vital interest of each in the prosperity of the other.

This is what the writer has to say on the subject—but it is simply as a *prologue* to the THEME. When all

conditions of men become adjusted to their places and acquainted with each other, if the railroad man's *conscience* does not quote at par with the highest grade, the writer will agree to be reckoned like the prophets of old, who "were without honor in their own country," and is content to rest his case there.

DUTY.

What are our duties toward God, and what is their order of precedence compared with our other duties?

M. B. C. TRUE.

In its material sense, the word duty comes to us directly from the Latin, and becomes *debit* and *debt*, money or goods due from one to another. In its literary or intellectual sense, it comes to us through the French, and becomes *due* and *duty*, an obligation resting upon us to accord to another something either of service or favor. The underlying idea, whether we refer to the material or to the intellectual sense, is, that we have received something, either of favor, service or thing, more than is our just share, the receiving of which, on our part, has destroyed, as between us and the donor or giver, that equality of obligation existing, as we may reasonably suppose, naturally between two persons, and that by returning or repaying these favors, services or things, only can this equality, or liberation of obligation be restored. The idea is, that a call or demand has been made upon me for that which I am expected to, or have promised to, or that I, by necessity, should, deliver or perform.

When I have had no dealings with a man, in any way, and no relations of a personal nature, either moral or physical, have been established between us, there is a perfect equilibrium of obligation between us—I owe him nothing and he owes me nothing. He is under no obligation to me, and I am under none to him. If, now, he render me a service which I need, or for which I have called, or which I really desire, there has arisen, as against me, an indebtedness to him, an obligation to pay or to reward him. If I have not called for it, but have needed it, or have really desired it, my obligation is just as obvious and pressing. A want has been supplied, a desire has been gratified, and the abundance of another and not of myself has supplied it and gratified it. A benefit has resulted to me in a way that has changed our relations, and a promise, express or implied, has been given by me to return the benefit in kind or equivalence.

In the organization of society I depend more or less upon my fellows for aid, protection and support. I may not need either now; but that I shall need one or all of them is almost as sure as anything can be. For all purposes of morals, or law, the benefit results to me in the present, *now*. I am, therefore, indebted, or under obligation, to my fellows for those benefits, even before their actual receipt by me. I may not know, at any time, the particular human being who is to, or will, confer the desired or coming benefit. By residing in the neighborhood of my fellows and associating with them, and by depending upon them for services, I thereby, by the strongest implication, promise and undertake to reciprocate such services and favors, even before I receive

them, and I also undertake to return them to any one in need of them. In other words, I do not undertake to repay to the indetical individual, *and to him only*, from whom I receive, or expect, a favor. As such services and favors are rendered and bestowed as needed. I may receive a service from one who does not need repayment, and I may not need repayment of the services I render to others. So I return to "A" the service "B" has rendered to me, or "C" repays to "D" the service I rendered him. It is in this way, or somewhat in this way, I think, that there arises among human beings a sense of duty,—a recognized mutual obligation to render to a fellow human a service or favor, no repayment of which is expected in specific service or favor, or in the coin of the realm.

On the other hand, it seems to me, if one confers upon me something which I do not need, for which I have not called, and which I do not desire, there has arisen no indebtedness or obligation against me in his favor. What he has bestowed of his own volition, without any need or want, calls for no return or repayment. In such cases, there can be no mutuality. My highest moral sense is shocked by any serious suggestion that an obligation can be raised against me without my consent. An obligation arising from service rendered, or from favor or thing bestowed, is in the nature of a contract, to which there must needs be always mutuality of interest and benefit. Two minds must always meet in a contract. Our laws are in harmony with reason in declaring void, or voidable, all agreements to the making of which both parties have not met with a like understanding and intent. Noah Webster—or his successors—makes obligation nearly synonymous with duty, and that it is the "binding power of a vow, promise, oath or contract, or of law, civil, political or moral, independent of a promise." It would be difficult, if not impossible to conceive of an obligation where there is no contract, either expressed or under circumstances that imply consent. Worcester says, "duty implies a previous obligation," at the same time that he defines duty to be an obligation.

Thus far, I have based the argument upon the presumption of equality of standing—have taken it for granted that both parties to a duty—the obligor and the obligee—stand on the same plane, and where each can render service to the other. But, I apprehend, a different relation is created, or exists, when the parties do not stand upon the same plane. If it can be conceived that my neighbor is entirely beyond need of my services—is incapable of being affected in any way by anything that I may do or may refrain from doing, then there does not, because there cannot, exist the same relationship that exists between those who are on an equality as to receptivity of beneficial services. Can it then be said that I have any duty toward him with reference to a return or repayment of benefits that he may confer upon me? In other words, is there any obligation resting upon me to do a useless act, or to perform an impossibility? To state the question is to go far toward furnishing the answer. Our word *duty*, notwithstanding that it has had its original significance elongated and intellectualized to fit our modern ideas, still retains a residuum of its Latin sense, and there is still in it, at the base, a material sense of something which should

go from us to compensate for something that has come to us. If we attempt to use the word without hugging the original Greek and Latin significance, we put to sea without rudder or anchor,—we are in a labyrinth without an Ariadnean clue to aid our escape.

In order to apply the above remarks to the subject in hand, we must inquire as to the person of God and our relations to him. Whatever may be the name by which, by different people, he may be called, he is generally recognized as the efficient source of all earthly life. All his attributes are conceived of as infinite and perfect, his power unlimited and illimitable, that he is above and beyond the influence, and cannot be benefited nor injured by the action, or want of action, of any created being. Towards us he acts according to his own pleasure, regardless of our wishes or desires. We had no voice, and gave no consent, in the incipency of his action on our behalf, and the temporal termination of that action is but slightly under our control. Whether the creation of us, at all, is a good or an evil, looked at from a human standpoint, has been seriously discussed. I shall not continue the discussion. That we needed, called for, or desired the creative fiat on our behalf, can hardly be maintained on any rational hypothesis. That we have been at all times incompetent to give our consent intelligently to any such action, will probably be conceded.

If there is truth and logic at the base of the foregoing argument, then my conclusion has been anticipated by those who have closely followed me, and it need not be stated.

Even if we conclude that there is no original obligation or duty resting upon us directly towards God, the question then arises, has there arisen, subsequently, any condition or relation between God and us by which, or because of which, any duty is imposed upon us? I can hardly conceive of one that does not grow out of, or which does not rest upon, the original act of creation, and the consequent acts of sustentation. The rule of law is the rule of logic as well,—that a promise not founded upon a consideration is without obligation, and is void. So I cannot conceive of God erecting upon, or bringing out of, a previous condition or state, to the which we gave, and could give, no consent, and one imposing upon us, primarily, no obligation to him, another condition or state in which or through which he can bind us by a duty, as if by our consent. If the first condition or state is without our consent, and others can impose no obligation, it cannot be made the basis or the means of enforcing our consent to another that shall impose an obligation, or create a duty. This would be equivalent to gaining the consent of one whom we had shackled for the purpose. As law recognizes no contract or promise not given with the freest mind, so the rule of sound logic will not recognize an obligation or duty arising out of a condition or state of things to the which, as to their existence and arrangement, we were strangers. A tree bears fruit after its own kind, and a duty must rest upon a basis that bears some similitude to itself.

Nothing herein must be conceived as declaring that we have no duties at all with reference to God. All that is here aimed at is, to show that whatever duties we may have thereto are not original, primary, unexclusive duties. They are at best but secondary and subordinate. They grow out of, and are referable to, our duties to our fel-

lows and to ourselves. I think that any list that may be made of human duties toward God is resolvable into a list of duties whose primary obligation is to our fellow-men or to ourselves, and of secondary obligation to God. I think, in other words, that the duties we owe to God are such duties, because, by the performance of them, our fellow beings or ourselves are benefited.

Condensed Sermons.

BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

From a tribute to the memory of the great Hebrew novelist, by Rabbi E. G. Hirsch, delivered in Sinai Temple, Chicago, Feb. 19th, 1882.

The world stands on ideas, not on iron or cotton. They alike are made to feel they are raw materials, but mind and thought the molders; the loom and shaft are agents, while ideas are the architects. The number of the true architects is not great, and Berthold Auerbach will be missed from them. I know of but two names that would be ranked on a level with him—"George Eliot," in whose works even slower ears will not fail to detect similar accords of tones, in England, and Paul Heyse, in Germany. This trio are, indeed, typical of the mission of the literature of fiction.

Auerbach was a poet, even though his muse brooked not the fetter of metre or rhyme, and as a poet he was a prophet. The son of two ages, he held in himself the best his own time produced, but he scaled the mountain heights to announce the coming of a brighter day, the very dawn of which he detected awakening behind the dissolving mists of the night. He was a prophet, an apostle feeling the burden of a gospel which he must preach even if wo was him. The diseases of the times—his eye read almost intuitively; their follies he fairly would set right, and his voice was crying out in the wilderness to smooth the rugged, to level the haughty, to wash the unclean.

Born at Nordstetten, Feb. 28, 1812, destined for the rabbinical career, he passed several years at the Talmudical schools in Hechingen, and later in Karlsruhe; that, after completing his studies in the gymnasium at Stuttgart, he matriculated at the University of Tübingen, and then, giving up theology for the study of the law, he again exchanged the Pandects for philosophy and history—of greater interest than to know this I hold it to learn in how far his Judaism accounts for the bent of his mind. The healthy realism of the Jewish home, doubtless, went far to strengthen the effect produced by the local environments in Auerbach, and the "Village Stories" are the reflection of this combined impress. But the realism of the Jew is never the realism of vice. The "Village Stories" proved a revelation to the reading public of Germany. And well they might. They spoke to the refined among the people of a class too long neglected, and perhaps despised. They showed that the spirit of the age was operative also in the secluded hamlets of the mountains, and that the peasant, considered as the bulwark of conservatism, was busy adjusting himself to the new order of things. The "Professor's Wife" demonstrated that the plant taken from its native soil

must wither under a hothouse treatment of vapid acclimatization to new conditions. The peasant will progress—this is the moral of the tale—if but left to the slow but sure influence of a natural growth. Stimulate and guide that growth, but do not force it—this was the admonition of the poet. The later and more bulky works exhale the same flavor of ethical rightness. Who of us can read his "On the Heights" without hearing the thunder of divine morality pealing through its pages with voices of censure and approval? The guileless nurse—a living incarnation of purity rendered more prominent by the sham and shame of the Court surroundings; *Countess Irma*, victim to her own vanity and the crafty plotting of the King, yet finally finding peace in the resignation which flowers in the resolution to bear—these are "flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone," incarnations of the moral law which even Kings cannot presume to violate with impunity. Or read his latest novel, "Brigitta." It illustrates most beautifully the doctrine that if it be impossible for man to love his enemies he can and should pardon them, and even become a benefactor to them. Here the poet is a philosopher; the philosopher the poet.

He was, as is well known, the apostle of Spinozism. I cannot now enter into a detailed discussion of Spinoza's system. Yet this point let me make, that Spinozism and Judaism are not antipodes. Whatever the weaknesses of Spinozism may be, it stands for the unity of force, for the oneness of the human soul. It admits most reverently the vast interval which lies between the finite and the infinite, and refuses to make the dealings and judgments of man a criterion of the dealings and judgments of God. In Auerbach's novels its ethical bearings are especially emphasized. He was among the first to sound the trumpet before which the Cyclopean walls of materialism were destined to crumble into dust. In his "Spinoza; or, A Thinker's Life," he strikes the keynote of true reform by urging that the spirit of new Germany, the genius of modern culture alone, could prophesy new life into the dry bones of the dead past. Probably he was but a rare visitor of the temples; he observed none of these traditional ceremonies; but Auerbach was proud of his descent. On the summit of society was he privileged to stand, the cabinet of Germany's Empress refused him not admittance; and yet, to all he was the Jew. The possibilities of an enlightened Judaism were in him unfolded. From his example, traitor and traducer might read the lesson that Judaism and humanity are essentially one.

He is no more! No more? Nay, rather he is forever! Time with rising tide and reflux ebb will sweep by his grave. Generations will be born, act their part, and disappear. But as long as the heart is ready to thrill in response to the good and the true, so long also will be named in the community of the transfigured saints, Berthold Auerbach. For the world stands indeed on ideas. Iron rusts; cotton wastes; thought lasts forever. As light speeds from orb to orb, so soul speaks to soul; and from the galaxy of the great, among the many constellations in the literary firmament, the rays of light which he did quicken will travel on throughout all time. He will, indeed, like the master, to whose thought-gems he lent a new sparkle, be called *Barach*, blessed; and in the music of Eternity, whose harmonies he enriched, his

voice will be heard chiding and cheering for time everlasting. A witness of the living God whose revelations are not in stone or smoke, not in the tempest nor in fire, but in the activities of the human mind, was he, and in the words of Goethe:

D'rum lebt er auch nach seinem Tode fort,
Und ist so wirksam als er lebte;
Die gute That, das schöne Wort—
Es strebt unsterblich, wie es sterblich strebte.

Notes from the Field.

PETERSHAM, MASS.—The First parish have voted to request Rev. Lyman Clark to defer closing his pastorate a second year from the date of his resignation, previously tendered, and still pending before the society.

SHELBYVILLE, ILL.—Bro. Douthit is once more involved in the polemics of immersion. The language used is *brotherly*, but we read something between the lines which savors not of salvation. Brethren, let us beware of newspaper disputations.

NOT TOO APPRECIATIVE.—The *Musical Herald* calls upon managers to abate the *encore* nuisance by conspicuously printing in every programme, "positively no repetitions permitted." A wide distribution of Emerson's essay on "The Superlative," published in the February *Century*, would be still better.

NEW DENOMINATIONS.—Four new denominational names appear on the English Registrar-General's list for the year 1881. "The German Wesleyans" and the "Young Men's Christian Association" are importations. The "Independent Church of England," and the United "Christian Army," are of home manufacture.

LIVING BIGOTS OVER DEAD HERETICS.—It is stated that on religious grounds both a Protestant clergyman and a Catholic priest lately refused to read a burial service over the body of a Greek who died in the Emigrants' Hospital at New York, and the man was buried without any ceremony. Either we need more Catholicity or a new Protestantism.

ONE MORE WITNESS.—Rev. Arthur Little, of this city, gives this indirect recognition to the growing gospel of Hope as opposed to the warning dogma of Despair. He says: "We should probably be startled if the census of orthodox Christians were taken to see how many more or less distinctly repudiate the teaching of endless punishment of the wicked."

GRAND HAVEN, MICH.—The Unitarian Ladies' Society here, at their recent annual fair, supper and dance, (without gambling), cleared \$115.00, which amount forms quite an addition to their fund for furnishing the new church. The frame of the new church building is up, and the roof on, and the brick veneering is steadily going on during the Unitarian weather they have been having.

AUSTRALIA, according to a recent writer in the *Index*, so identified with barbarism in our geography lessons of long ago, is becoming the paradise of intelligent liberalism, free thought and generous schemes of education.

The State educational system of Victoria for some years had used for its purposes more than half a million pounds, and this writer claims "that in no part of the world is there one to be found more admirable and complete."

BIBLE LEGENDS.—The congregation at the Unitarian church, at Iowa City, are being treated to the following course of Sunday evening lectures:

Mr. Clute—"Jonah and the Whale."
Mr. Clute—"Sampson, the Strong Man."
Mr. Hunting—"The Early Development of Civilization."—A reply to Hon. James F. Wilson.
Mr. Judy—"Epictetus, or Training the Will."
Mr. Clute—"The Flood and the Rainbow."
Prof. Hobby—"Vaccination."
Mr. Clute—"The Tower of Babel and the Confusion of Tongues."
Prof. Clapp—"The Control of the Public Health."
Mr. Clute—"Balaam and the Talking Ass."

CINCINNATI, OHIO.—The Unity Club, on the 12th ult. introduced into their Sunday lecture course a lecturer that promises to become a new star on the lecture platform—Mrs. E. A. Connor, of that city. Her lecture on "Fool's Gold" was enthusiastically received. On the same day the Unitarian Society regretfully accepted the resignation of their pastor, Mr. Wendte. The relation between pastor and people is to terminate July 1st. While, for the present, Mr. Wendte and his mother have been generously sent off to Florida for temporary rest.

PRACTICAL PREACHING.—Bro. Todd, of loyal Universalist fellowship, recently accepted the invitation of a Methodist brother to occupy his pulpit at Merrimac, Wis. He began to preach on Faith, Hope and Charity. He got as far as charity, when he was compelled to sit down on account of ill health. He invited the Methodist brother to conclude the sermon, which he did in a fashion that would have delighted the heart even of Felix Adler, by taking his Universalist brother home and tenderly caring for him until he was able to go on his way rejoicing.

MEDICATED THEOLOGY.—*The Living Church* satirically characterizes Ingersollism as a "nervous disease" which has "assumed an epidemic form," and suggest that Judge Black should have turned his patient over to Dr. Bliss to be treated with unlimited *bromide of potassium* and other nervines. It also suggests that on Sundays the handkerchiefs of such ministers as Mr. Miln should be "well saturated with *tincture of valerian*, and a spray of the same showered upon the congregation." On the whole, we suspect that the facetiousness of this style of defence harms more than helps true religion. Be serious, brethren, about serious things.

KANSAS LIBERAL UNION.—A neat circular appeal, containing an address from Mrs. Annie L. Diggs, of Lawrence, and an executive word from the President, C. B. Hoffman, of Enterprise. The list of Executive Committee includes names that label themselves respectively Materialist, Universalist, Spiritualist, Socialist, Unitarian and Free Religionist. The circular indicates a profound conviction in these two things: (1) The need of organic constructive work in the direction of character-building; (2) That these diverse elements can be successfully united in this work. We watch the progress of this experiment with great interest, believing that it is actuated by a most lofty and praiseworthy purpose.

St. Louis.—Friend Snyder has been dealing with the Presbyterian Dr. Niccolls, who had the stupidity to classify Theodore Parker among the atheists, and to characterize him as a "meteor in the night." This gave Mr. Snyder the occasion to impart some valuable information to the D.D. and the readers of the daily papers, and to pay the most glowing and deserved tribute to this prophet we have seen for a long time. Among other things he said—

"From the hour of Parker's serene and heroic death in Florence till the present moment, the light of his truth has broadened as the glad day breaks over the eastern hill-tops, till the mass of American Christianity has been permeated with the glory of his fundamental religious principles and enlightened with the convictions to which he gave such tremendous emphasis. There is not a great and influential pulpit in this land, hardly one among the English speaking race, in which his grand conceptions of the breadth of Christianity, of the true essence of religion, of the real nature of inspiration and the actual place and function of the Bible are not the dominant ideas! Parker and men of his religious fellowship have recreated the theological conceptions of this day and people, and rendered it a moral impossibility for men of intelligence and sound religious sympathy ever again to accept those notions of God, humanity, immortality and the prime value of religious creeds, which were once regarded as fundamental in religion, and which not to accept was once regarded as sufficient evidence of infidelity."

BARABOO.—This rejuvenated parish is once more fairly organized for work. At its recent annual meeting a new Board of Trustees was elected, consisting of Mr. C. H. Williams and Frank Avery, Mrs. E. E. Woodman and Mrs. Lucy Case, Mr. A. A. Roberts and Mr. Wenzel Holy. These names will be very familiar to the large number of our readers who have, year after year, enjoyed the privileges of our Western Grove Meetings, as will also be the name of Mr. J. G. Train, who was heartily thanked, on his retirement from the Board, for his many labors in keeping intact the corporate life of the society, and protecting and utilizing its property during the long years of suspended animation through which the society has passed. *Apropos* to what Bro. Learned has been saying about the secular phraseology as a basis of religious organization, the following extract from their Articles of Association will be interesting. Away back in 1865 the prophetic soul of Ichabod Coddington, under whose inspiration these articles were drawn, anticipated the position of our associate:

ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.

- I. The object of this Society shall be to promote the highest and truest physiological, intellectual, moral and spiritual welfare of its members, individually, and of all who may come within the sphere of its influence.
- II. An expressed desire to enjoy the benefits and promote the objects of this Society shall be the only prescribed qualification for membership.
- III. This Society shall be forever sovereign within in its own membership, for all that pertains to its existence and welfare as a religious organization.
- IV. No creed, articles of belief or prescribed formula of doctrines whatever, shall ever be established for authority in this Society.

CONSTITUTION.

Following is the Constitution of the Free Congregational Society of Baraboo:
Believing that all men are religious beings having personal and social religious needs, and that these can best be met by associated religious action; and believing that the restricted creeds and communions of the more popular churches of our time can never again meet the wants of a large, increasing and intelligent portion of the community; therefore we, whose name are hereunto appended, do mutually unite ourselves under the name and title of the Free Congregational Society of Baraboo.

The Study Table.

All Publications noticed in this Department, as well as New and Standard Books, can be obtained of the Colegrove Book Co., 40 Madison street, Chicago.

THE BOOKS OF ALL TIMES. A guide for the purchase of books. F. Leyboldt & Lynds E. Jones. F. Leyboldt. New York. pph. pp. 80

A READING DIARY of modern fiction, containing a representative list of the novels of the Nineteenth Century, preceeded by suggestive remarks on novels and novel reading. F. Leyboldt, New York. pp. 160. Cloth, 50 cents.

Two little booklets of very modest appearance, but very suggestive. The work is so well done that it will challenge the admiration of the book lover, and be of real practical value to the amateur book reader and book buyer. How to master rather than be mastered by the printer and the publisher, is one of the pressing questions of the day, and these two booklets are contributions to the answer. More such are needed.

NOAH WEBSTER. By Horace E. Scudder. American Men of Letters Series. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 1882. pp. 294. \$1.25.

After reading this book one is forced to say, that however dry reading a dictionary may be, the story of how the dictionary was made is very interesting. Noah Webster appears in this book as the "precise speaking school-master," the ardent American patriot, a Bible revisionist before the day of revisions, a spelling reformer of so radical a type that he anticipated most of the theories and the methods of those of the present day, as well as the author of the most successful book that was ever published in America, namely, Webster's spelling-book,—a book, the sale of which has outreached all competition, averaging a million copies per year for many years. A copyright of five mills per copy sustained the author and his family for twenty years, while he was preparing the unabridged dictionary. This book in every way sustains the promises made and the expectations aroused in the appearance of the first volume of this series, on Washington Irving, noticed a short time ago in our Study Table.

THE RELIGION OF ALL SENSIBLE MEN, with four other sermon preached in the Unitarian Church, at Kansas City, by the pastor David N. Utter. Published by the Congregation. pp. 48. Cloth, 50 cents.

"The Four other Sermons" treat respectively of "Look not Behind Thee," "The Face of an Angel," "Evolution in Religion," "Days and Wisdom." We do not wonder that the congregation so enjoyed these sermons that they were willing to publish them, they are so plain, practical, and withal so short. Mr. Utter's style is terse and pointed. These sermons have the *minimum* of rhetoric with the *maximum* of common sense. If the absence of imaginative and poetic qualities leaves them wanting in a certain quality of inspiration, the presence of so much manly frankness and independence makes them eminently ethical. A few sample sentences is all we have room for: "Religion is as much a sense of divine law as it is of divine presence." "Blessed is he who never doubts in his darkest moments the reality of right and wrong, nor that the great power behind all visible things works towards the best results." "In our individual lives it is true that the best gospel we hear, first

and last, falls from the lips of woman." "Man has an instinct for climbing, and in the far away future he may fall from many a high estate, but he is simply an imperfect being now—not a fallen one."

HENRY W. BELLOWES: His Life and Character. A sermon by John W. Chadwick. Published by the Second Unitarian Church, Brooklyn, N.Y. pph. pp. 32.

MEMORIAL SERVICES OF REV. HENRY W. BELLOWES, D. D. Held at the Channing Memorial Church, Newport, R. I., containing a poem by Charles T. Brooks, and a sermon by M. K. Schermerhorn. pph. pp. 29.

These two pamphlets are, doubtless, the forerunners of a large number of similar tributes that are being, or will be, published in loving remembrance of the great heart and the glowing mind that loved and inspired so many. Mr. Chadwick's discourse, like everything he writes, is charmingly full of concreteness, overflowing with information, all happily subordinated to literary effect. He reminds us that the Government distributed 10,000,000 copies of Dr. Bellows' sermon on "Unconditional Loyalty" among the officers of the army and navy; that the busy man found time, during the last three years of his life, to write a letter once a week to his old friend, Dr. Dewey; and he shows how Dr. Bellows' mind "neared the port of Rational Religion faster and faster, as the years went by."

Mr. Schermerhorn tells of the intimate relations of Dr. Bellows' name with the Channing Memorial Church. It was his word that consecrated both the corner and the cap-stone of the edifice, and preached the anniversary and dedicatory sermons. The memorial verses of Mr. Brooks are very beautiful.

THE BASIS OF A LIBRARY.

The following letter, written in reply to a request of a young farmer boy, asking how best to lay the foundations of a library, is published here by request, hoping that its suggestions may stimulate some other lad in the same direction, and that the reading of the letter may induce some to improve upon the list, and send it for the benefit of UNITY readers.

CHICAGO, Feb. 9, 1882.

DEAR —: Your interesting question concerning the foundation of a library has lodged in my mind with a great deal of fascination. Here is the list, as I now shape it, of the ten books most valuable for a young man to buy as the basis of a library:

1.—THE BIBLE. This I put at the head of the list here; not on account of its religious significance, for of that men may judge differently, and you must come to your own conclusions concerning it, but on account of its literary value. It is the most universal book, and culture and literature, art and state-craft, are so full of allusions to it, or extracts from it, that no well-read man can afford to be ignorant of its contents. Judged from this standpoint, even the unethical and non-religious parts are of great value. Given a thorough acquaintance with the history, poetry, ethics and customs of the Bible, and you have almost a liberal culture—that which will make you ready in conversation, brilliant in debate, and effective in your arguments on the stump, the platform, or in the pulpit.

2.—THE DICTIONARY. This, of course, is indispensable; the fore-runner of the line of books of reference which will eventually accumulate upon the shelves of every well-selected library. The possession of such books is never amiss. You must begin early the practice of looking up your information, reading up your topics, if you are to become a well-informed man. I would put a Cyclopædia of some kind or another, as a very essential thing in the tool-chest of a student. Until you can afford to buy a more elaborate set of Cyclopædias, I would put next on the list

3.—HAYDEN'S DICTIONARY OF DATES. Because you have here the best one volume of reference.

4.—SHAKESPEARE. This comes into our list like the Bible; not simply on account of its own intrinsic merit, but on account of the large place it occupies in English literature. It is a life's work to become conversant with Shakespeare, and though you will put the volume early on your shelf, it will be a long time before you have even acquainted yourself with the outlines of all it contains. Shakespeare, of all authors, is the least profitable to read hurriedly. You cannot measure your acquaintance with it by square measure. Your study of it must also always be cubical. One or two plays a year for the first ten or twelve years of your reading life will be perhaps the outside limit of your reading. Pick the great plays first; and if you cannot buy a fair edition at the outset, buy one of the single plays as edited by Rolfe, beginning, I should suggest, with "The Merchant of Venice."

5.—THE POEMS OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Poetry is to be studied carefully. One volume is better than many. An intimate acquaintance with one poet is better than a superficial acquaintance with the name and the titles of the poems of many; and in the one poet you will eventually settle down upon a limited list of favorite poems, which work themselves into your blood, and come to you with strength and cheer and pleasure in all your varying moods. I recommend Lowell hesitatingly, after much thought. Longfellow is more melodious and easier read; Whittier is more ethical, and appeals to the conscience more directly, perhaps,—certainly, on first reading; but there is an element of intellectuality in Lowell which stimulates the thought-side of life more than either of these, and he is pre-eminently the poet of the student, the inspiration of the young. Happy is the person who can say by the time he is twenty-five years old, "These four or five poems of Lowell's are mine; mine by discovery; mine by adoption, and mine because I have endowed them with my heart's love."

6.—SMILES' SELF HELP. This book comes into your library to help you over the hard places in the years of preparation. It is the school-boy's classic; not so much by virtue of any literary merit it may have, nor yet by the originality of power of the author's thought, but on account of the fertility of its illustrations, the accumulation of incidents,—its biographical wealth showing the foot-prints of others who have traveled successfully the road which the young man or woman is always tempted to shrink from. Smiles has written several other books of the same character, but on account of a lack of literary excellence one book, perhaps, is enough of this kind.

7.—FELIX HOLT, THE RADICAL, BY GEORGE ELIOT. This is the young man's novel of all novels, I think, as this writer is the thinker's novelist for all time; and I would have you read deeply into this book, not simply for its own sake, which I prize very highly, but also for the intellectual training it will give you, and the literary relish which will prepare you for the enjoyment of the best fiction, and spoil you evermore for the reading of the trashy kind.

8.—PLUTARCH'S LIVES. One of the perennial books; the true door that opens into a real appreciation of the classic world. Given a thorough acquaintance and appreciation of this book, and you have an appreciation of Greece and Rome, and an understanding of their contribution to modern civilization, that many a college graduate misses after riding his ponies through all the classics of the curriculum.

9.—DISCOURSE OF RELIGION, BY THEODORE PARKER, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH BY MISS STEVENSON. I put this in for its religious value. The conclusions of the book, some of them, probably, have been already outgrown; but here you find a large, rational soul facing the facts of life with great courage, finding in them the lasting foundation upon which all the reverences and the aspirations of religion may be based; added to this, you have a glimpse of an enkindled life, which cannot fail of being very helpful.

10.—CONDUCT OF LIFE, BY EMERSON. I place this last on the list; not on account of its secondary, but rather on account of its primary importance. Emerson, perhaps, is the one universal prophet that America has yet produced, and this, if one must make a selection, is his noblest book. This, like Shakespeare, is a book of a lifetime. One page a week, if no more, studied intently, will affect the conduct of your life, and permanently enrich your intellectual stores.

This completes my list of ten books, and as I think of them I can scarcely wish to make the list longer. It is a great mistake that is very apt to take possession of a young man living in the country or small town, starting out in life, that the absence of a large library, remoteness from many books, is a great barrier to his culture. To many the opposite is exactly true. These ten books lived with for five years, with such other incidental reading as will, of course, come by the way, will do more for you, probably, than if you lived in the neighborhood of a public library from which you drew a new book once a fortnight.

I cannot conclude this letter without dropping a few hints concerning the purchase and the reading of books which may be of some use to you, as they certainly have been of great practical value to me.

1. Pay no money for elegant binding and sumptuous paper. Cloth is good enough for the student. When you are rich you may have them re-bound.

2. Avoid the book-agent. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred he is a delusion and a snare. The really good books go without being pushed by the agent. Look for standard books in the list of standard publishers and on the book-shelves of legitimate book-sellers.

3. Put no great amount of money in book-cases. A pine shelf, just out of the reach of children, and within the reach of your hands, with no locks or glass-doors intervening, is the best. A well-worn or even a legitimately soiled book is no reproach to a book lover.

As to your reading, avoid as much as possible the dissipation of the newspaper, and even the fascinations of the magazine. Persuade yourself that you can afford to be ignorant of the details of the last murder; never mind the police reports; the man who reads thoughtfully a weekly paper is probably better informed on public affairs than the man who wades through the verbal slush of our metropolitan dailies. The man who looks to the magazine for his intellectual food is stronger than the man dependent on the newspaper. The reader of the *Quarterlies* is clearer headed than the reader of the magazine, and the reader of books is master of them all. For a long time it is a good practice to try to own the books you read. Buy them as you read them, for the following reasons: 1. You will not buy a worthless book as readily as you would read one belonging to somebody else, and life is too short to read books that are not worth buying. 2. A book bought will tempt you again, and you will frequently recur to the favorite passages. 3. It will become a fellow to you, a companion in loneliness, a wealth in poverty. 4. A book that is your own you will feel at liberty to mark with your pencil, underscore, refer on the fly-leaves to the rarest bits, and so on.

But I must draw this letter to a close. In order to add, perhaps, to its practical value, let me say that these ten books can be purchased for about \$27.00. I am glad and encouraged that these subjects are engaging your attention, and hope to hear of your doing much for yourself in these years of training you have set apart for the purpose. Don't be in a hurry. A young man who begins his life's work at thirty-one will outspeed the man who begins at twenty-one, providing he has diligently used these ten years in preparing himself. The chances are that at forty-one the student will stand higher, even in worldly position, than the young man who came to the conclusion that he had no time to go to school.

Believe me, most heartily,
Your friend,

It is unbecoming those who live in ceiled houses themselves to leave the Lord's house bare, and none of the taste and elegance we covet in our homes should be lacking in our temples of public worship. The God who built the solid earth and who lifted the dome of the sky; who set up the shafts of the woods and twined them with flowers, is a God who loves beauty, as well as truth and goodness. Our painted windows are copied from His sunsets; our towers and spires have their prototypes in His battlemented crags and mountain peaks; our arches mock the aisles of His forests. Who can tell how much the beauty of the world has taught men touching the loveliness of the Divine Being? The expulsion of art and grace and color from temples of divine worship has always been accompanied with meager and unlovely conceptions of God's character.—*H. W. Bellows.*

A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather.—*Franklin.*

The Unity Club.

THE FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

DEAR UNITY: Since all kinds of club work are invited to the hospitality of your club corner, you may sometimes find room for a little club play, too. And what more suitable time for a jubilee than a birth-day, especially if it be one so important as the entrance upon one's "teens?" Only one literary Society in the West—and not many anywhere, composed of amateurs—has reached this dignity; and though it is not really a *Unity* club, it embraces in its membership enough *Unity* people to claim a place in the fellowship. "The Friends in Council," of Quincy, Ill., celebrated its thirteen years on February 16th, by an Anniversary Breakfast at the house of the President. The company were seated at the tables soon after the appointed hour, 11 A. M., each plate being supplied with a daintily printed programme, as follows:

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS, Mrs. Anna B. McMahan.
POEM, Miss Cora A. Benneson.

TOASTS.

"Our Guests," Mrs. Amanda P. Wells
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!—*Young.*

"The Woman of the Past," Rev. Newman Smyth, D.D.
Her art was sampler-work design,
Fireworks for her were "vastly fine,"
Her luxury was elder wine,
She loved that "purely."—*Dobson.*

"The Coming Woman," Dr. R. C. Rutherford.
We know she "will" or else she "won't,"
'Twill be the same as now;
And if she does, or if she don't,
God bless her, anyhow!

"The Absent," Mrs. Agnes W. Baldwin.
There are more guests at table than the host
Invited * * * * *
As silent as the pictures on the wall.—*Longfellow.*

LETTERS FROM ABSENT AND HONORARY MEMBERS.

SHORT ADDRESSES.

I shall not attempt any enumeration of the bright things that were evolved from this programme; firstly, because you can not allow the space; and, secondly, because it is as impossible to preserve the real *essence* of any such occasion as to catch and re-bottle the sparkle that rises and passes off from freshly-opened wine.

"The Friends in Council," is a woman's club, and this was the first of its gatherings to which gentlemen have been invited, otherwise than as listeners. On this occasion they contributed their share towards the literary entertainment. Though "few" they were exceedingly "fit;" and not the least admirable parts of the programme were the "short addresses" made by Dr. Robins and the Rev. J. V. Blake.

A. B. MCM.

Quincy Feb. 22, 1882.

Peter Cooper says he never was a minute late in business appointments.

One foot in this boat, one foot in that,
They both push off and you fall flat.—*Chinese Proverb.*

The Exchange Table.

HENRY WHITNEY BELLOWES.

BY REV. WILLIAM BRUNTON.

For forty years and more the Worker wise,
In this wide vineyard of our honored Lord,
A man whose love, like rolling streams, was poured,
And, like the streams, had glimpses of the skies;
Far spread his strength of faith: as rivers rise
And grow, as on they speed to meet their source,
So sped he in his word with vital force,
And drew from all a sense of sweet surprise!
In works of love, in valor, learning, truth,
A leader long acknowledged, brave indeed;
A man who kept in age the touch of youth,
And by his charity declared his creed:
As sunshine dies and leaves the land in gloom.
So seems it now we stand beside his tomb.

Forbear to mourn, forbear to call him lost,
Forbear to deem our Lord has proved untrue;
For he that knows us all this servant knew,
And in no wise his perfect wisdom crost:
'Twas but another spring, not winter frost,
That him to that high summer tender drew;
He lives in hearts that by his presence grew,
And will as long as seas by storms are tost;
He lives in words that fell as seeds in soil
All good and true, to bear for futures vast:
With us his life-work goes right on, the past
Becomes the Grecian temple that we spoil
To build in other forms of beauty rare,—
His words and thoughts, the strength and grandeur there.
—*The Christian Register.*

THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

She wears no jewel upon hand or brow;
No badge by which she may be known of men;
But tho' she walk in plain attire now,
She is the daughter of a King, and when
Her Father calls her at his throne to wait
She will be clothed as doth befit her state.

Her Father sent her in his land to dwell,
Giving to her a work that must be done;
And, since the King loves all his people well,
Therefore she, too, cares for them, every one;
And when she stoops to lift from want and sin
The brighter shines her royalty therein.

She walks erect thro' dangers manifold,
While many sink and fall on either hand.
She heeds not summer's heat nor winter's cold,
For both are subject to the King's command.
She need not be afraid of anything,
Because she is the daughter of the King!

Even when the angel comes that men call Death,
And name with terror—it appalls not her;
She turns to look on him with quickened breath,
Thinking, "It is the royal messenger!"
Her heart rejoiceth that her Father calls
Her back, to live within the palace walls.

For tho' the land she lives in is most fair,
Set round with streams—a picture in its frame—
Yet in her heart deep, secret longings are
For that mysterious country whence she came.
Not perfect quite seems any earthly thing,
Because—she is the daughter of the King!

—*Rebecca Palfrey Utter.*

READING PARIS.—The twenty public libraries of Paris, containing in the aggregate 70,000 volumes, were visited in 1881 by 251,000 readers, an increase of more than 100,000 over the year 1880. In recognition of this striking evidence of their utility the annual grant was increased from 85,000 to 95,875 francs.—*Exchange.*

THE LAW OF COMPENSATION.—Tierney, whom Lord Macaulay called one of the most fluent debaters ever known, said he never rose in Parliament without feeling his knees knock together. It is one of the compensations of nature that the nervous temperament which occasions the trembling is also one of the causes of oratorical success.—*Exchange.*

NOT WORDS, BUT DEEDS.—God respects not the arithmetic of our prayers, how many they are; nor the rhet-

oric of our prayers, how long they are; nor the music of our prayers, how melodious they are; nor the logic of our prayers, how methodical they are—but the divinity of our prayers, how heart-sprung they are. Not gifts, but graces, prevail in prayer.—*Exchange.*

A PROBLEM.—The philosopher of the Boston *Herald* has been observing things recently, which prompts him to remark: "Herbert Spencer loses money, while Oscar Wilde gathers in the shekels by the peck. Emerson has to think twice before buying a rare book, while the successful pork-packer pays \$5,000 for counterfeit Murillos. The great philosopher wears darned stockings, and the preacher of absurd superstition has bushels of fancy-worked slippers. *Selah!*"—*The Index.*

MISS ALCOTT REALIZES "WHAT'S IN A NAME."—"It gives me a pleasant sense of victory," said Miss Alcott, "to ransack the old trunks, and now and then to fish out and sell a story that had been rejected over and over again when I had not been heard of, and that goes readily enough now. I lately took malicious delight in replying to a request for a story from a magazine by sending it a story which its editor had rejected at least once, and I don't know but twice. He took it, and paid me well for it."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

A NEGLECTED GRAVE.—The little churchyard where Carlyle's remains are laid has been receiving some attention at the hands of persons whose friends rest there. When the sage was buried it was in several respects an unsightly spot, but its appearance has been since much improved by the repairing of the walls and the laying out of several pleasant walks. A stranger might, however, loiter long in the enclosure without discovering Carlyle's grave. There are many visitors, but

No stone is there to show, no tongue to say what was.

In fact, were it not for a couple of decaying wreaths one would not know that the mound contained human dust at all.—*The Unitarian Herald.*

COLLAPSE OF THE TENNESSEE COLONY.—"Rugby," in Tennessee, Thomas Hughes' colony, has at last, in truth, as in former rumor, failed, and been practically abandoned. It was not begun on the American plan of each on a common equality, and was not in the right spot, and hence went by the board. Meantime, Mr. Hughes can recall his truthful remark that while the Englishman who has acquired a fortune by his own exertions is quite apt to think first of founding a family, the American who has had the same success is apt to think first of some great work of charity or of public enterprise.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

CAUSE FOR CONGRATULATION.—The women suffragists, who held their fourteenth convention here last week, and closed their actual labors before congressional committees last Monday, had, when they left Washington, one cause for gratitude greater than that they had secured a new committee of the Senate to specially consider in all its multiform demands the rights of women; and the greater cause for gratitude was that they had for once been so fortunate as not to be misrepresented or disgraced by the folly or want of tact of any one of their own number. No cause is great enough, no principle divine enough, to stand unmoved before the thrusts of absurdity. A new theory, a new order of things, even in prospective, draws to itself the queer and the crazy, as a candle draws the moth. One recalls with astonishment the propositions and the performances of well-meaning persons who have flourished on these platforms at the Capital for womanly independence. In summing up the long-drawn-out crucifixion of taste and fine sensibility endured by a woman of the fiber of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, one must not forget that she has suffered as much from the injudiciousness and folly of well-meaning women who cared for her cause as from the contumely and contempt of men who hated it.—*Mary Clemmer, in Independent.*

A QUIANT BUT TOUCHING CUSTOM.—Paul B. Du Chaillu, in his interesting and instructive work about Sweden and Norway, gives many incidents that show the simplicity and refinement of country home life of the upper classes. He says the courtesies of daily life are kept at a high level by various quaint little ceremonial observances which we would long ago have impatiently discarded. One of these is the quaint and curious custom of delivering the possession of the farm from the father to the son by a special domestic ceremony. "The dinner being ready, all the members of the family came in and seated themselves around the board, the father taking, as is customary, the head of the table. I noticed an unusual air of soberness on the faces of those present. All at once, Roar, the son, who was not seated, came to his father and said: 'Father, you are getting old; let me take your place.' 'Oh, no, my son,' was the answer, 'I am not too old to work. It is not yet time; wait awhile.' Then, with an entreating look, the son said: 'Oh, father, all your children and myself are often sorry to see you look so tired when the day's labor is over! The work of the farm is too much for you. It is time for you to rest and do nothing. Rest in your old age. Oh, let me take your place at the head of the table!' All the faces were now extremely sober, and tears were seen in many eyes. 'Not yet, my son.' 'Oh, yes, my father!' Then said the whole family: 'Now it is time for you to rest.' It was hard for the sturdy old bonde, who had been chief so long, to give up; but he rose, and Roar took his place, and was then master. His father, henceforth, would have nothing to do, was to live in a comfortable house, and to receive yearly a stipulated amount of grain, or flour, potatoes, milk, cheese, butter, meat, etc."—*Our Best Words*.

TRIBUTES OF THE PRESS.—The nation gratefully remembers that Dr. Bellows was the inspiration and organizer of the Sanitary Commission, whose beneficent work during the war has no exact parallel in the history of nations.—*Springfield Republican*

For such a ministration, beginning in the fervor of youth and closing in the unabated warmth of a youthful old age, there is but one possible issue,—blessing for those who remain, and immortal youth and activity for him who has gone before.—*Christian Register*.

Dr. Bellows had more than metropolitan, even national, repute. He was a moving spirit in not a few of the philanthropies of the day. His illness was not long, and his death seems very sudden. His departure is a great loss to the community not less than to his chosen church.—*Christian Leader*.

He was active in the literary and art enterprises of the city, and was to be relied on as happy and effective in his extemporaneous efforts. His sonorous voice and melodious sentences, his good sense, literary culture and rhetorical power made him a favorite, especially with strangers visiting the city. He was a man of great kindness, of much religious feeling, and preached with dignity and unction.—*The Independent*.

New York can ill afford to lose the clear thought, warm heart, broad sympathy and winning eloquence of Rev. Dr. Henry W. Bellows, who died at his home in this city last Monday morning. His ministry has been one of increasing usefulness: he steadily grew in the regard and esteem of his fellow citizens, while his fame as a preacher, orator and student gradually widened to embrace the whole continent. He has done his work well, and he leaves behind him a heritage of friendship and of those influences of a good life which are the noblest immortality.—*Christian Union*.

We mortals, men and women, devour many a disappointment between breakfast and dinner time; keep back the tears and look a little pale about the lips, and in answer to inquiries say, "Oh nothing!" Pride helps us; and pride is not a bad thing when it only urges us to hide our own hurts—not to hurt others.—*Geo. Eliot*.

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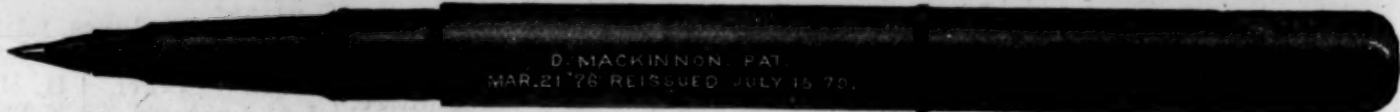
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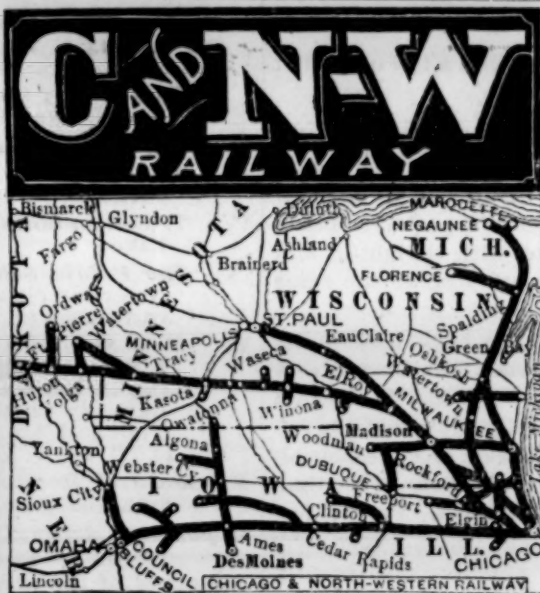
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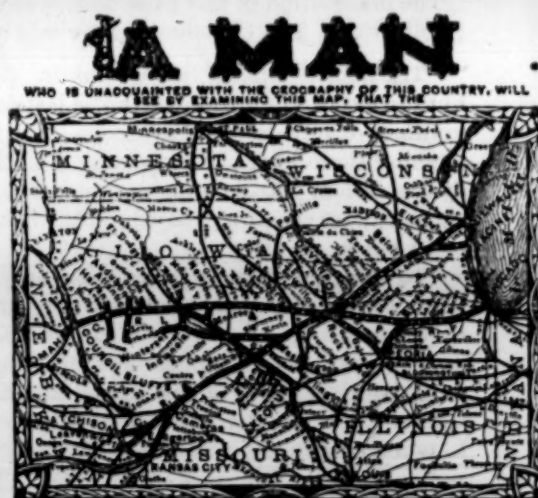
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